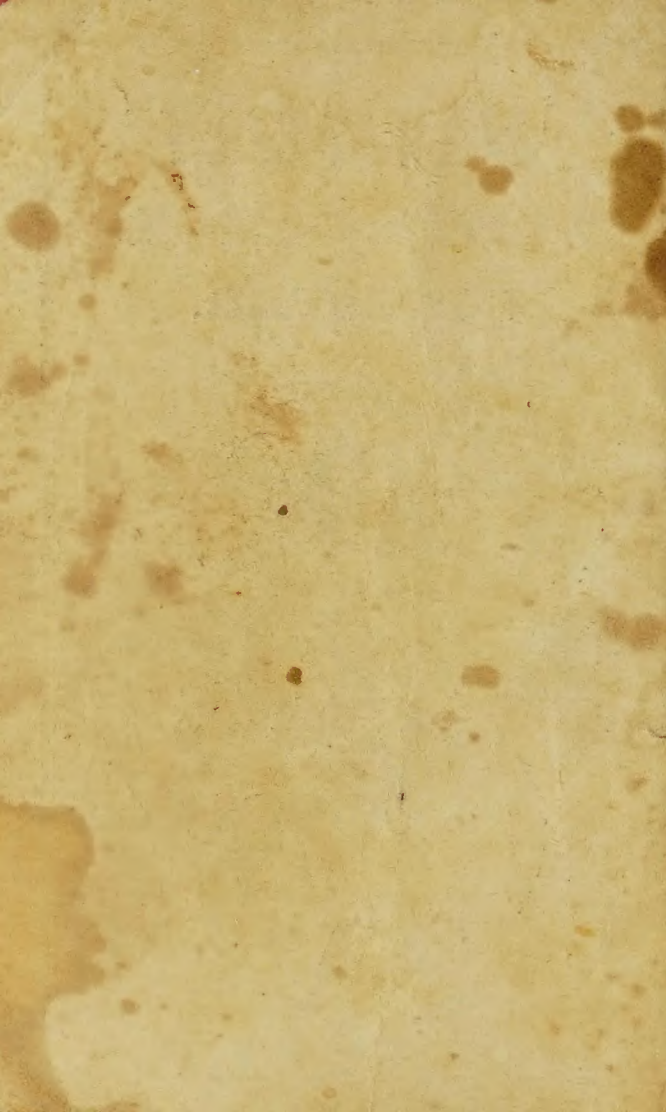


UNION
TEMPERANCE
SONGSTER.



NAFIS & CORNISH, NEW YORK.



SOME LOVE STRONG BEER.

AIR—"Some love to roam."

Some love strong beer,
 And the maniac's cheer,
 And the bacchanalian's glee;
 But the gurgling rill,
 From the rock bound hill,
 And a peaceful home for me.

The sot may laugh,
 And the poison quaff,
 And boast that he's chainless-free
 But a healthy brain,
 Free from mania's pain,
 Is the liberty for me.

No more disgrace,
 With a rum blotch'd face,
 The image of your God,
 But look behind,
 With a sober mind,
 And see the ground you have trod.

Then count the cost
 Of the pleasures lost,
 In drunken revelry,
 And say to the world,
 With your pledge unfurl'd,
 No more of your rum for me.

Given by Mrs. Davis
 Present to M. G. Davis
 by his aunt

JONATHAN'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

Says Jonathan, says he, "To-day
 I *will* be independent,
 And so my *grog* I'll throw away,
 And that shall be the end on't
 Clear the house! the 'tarnal stuff,
 Shan't be here so handy;
 Wife has given the winds her snuff,
 So now here goes my brandy!
 Clear the house, &c.

"Our fathers, though a sturdy folk,
 Were sometimes rather skittish;
 And so they wouldn't wear the yoke
 Brought over by the British.
 Yonder, on old Bunker's head,
 From their necks they shook it;
 There they fired off all their lead,
 And then they had to hook it.
 Yonder, on, &c.

"But though they fi't and run away
 They want't a bit o' cowards;
 They lived to fight another day,
 When lookin Gin'ral Howe-wards. **RBC**
 What could then the Gin'ral do **NcU**
 For his own salvation?
 Why, he 'cussed and quit' the univarsal Yan-
 kee nation.
 What could then, &c.

“The tyrant that our fathers smoked
Lay skulkin’ in a tea-pot;
time.

There’s now ‘a worser’ to be choked,
In bottle, jug, or wee pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his ‘body;’
And often wades, up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.

Often in a glass, &c.

“Sometimes he creeps up, through the slim
Stem of a very fine pipe
And sometimes plunges, for a swim
All over in a wine-pipe;
But he’s tickled most of all,
When he hears the summons
Down his favorite pipes to crawl—
The wind-pipes of the rum-uns.

But he’s tickled, &c.

“And when he gets the upper hand,—
This tyrant, base and scurvy,—
He strips a man of house and land.
And turns him topsy turvy.
Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his’n;
But lets him have, rent free, at last,
A poor house or a prison.”

Neck and heels, &c.

THE BOWL.

TUNE—"Burn's Farewell."

O! shun the bowl!—the draught beware,
 Whose smile but mocks the lips of men,
 When foaming high with waters rare—
 O! never touch the goblet then.
 With friends we love, though sweet to sip
 The nectar'd juice at close of day,
 Yet trust ye not the syren lip
 That wins to cheat, and lures to slay.

O! shun the bowl, and thou shalt know
 A deeper spell than swims in wine;
 Though bright its hours of sunset glow,
 Their crimson clouds as briefly shine.
 A few short days in madness past,
 And thou wilt sink unknown to years;
 Without a hope beyond the blast,
 Which mourns above thy grave of tears.

O! leave the bowl—if thou art wise
 To shun the path of guilty fame,
 The burning rod where anguish lies,
 And perjured honor weeps for shame.
 In after years some cheering ray,
 From virtue's smile will o'er thee spread,
 And thou wilt bless the better way
 Thy erring steps were loath to tread.

O! shun the bowl—as thou would'st leave
 The poison'd spot where reptiles tread;
 Lest widow's hearts for thee should grieve—
 For the untimely tears be shed;

Yea thine may be the fearful lot
 To prove, ere Time hath dimn'd thy brow,
 A sire—and yet the witness not
 Of them who weep his broken vow.

Hast thou a bride whose every sigh,
 Deep trembles with the joy it gives,
 Hast thou a child whose weak mild eye
 Lives in the light its father lives?
 Then shun the bow!—the draught beware,
 Whose smile but mocks the lips of men;
 When foaming high with waters rare—
 O, never touch the goblet then!

THEN, BROTHERS, ON.

A Glee, written for the Union Temperance Glee Club.

AIR—“*Canadian Boat Song.*”

Faintly, at first, the temp'rance call
 Was heard by a few, though 'twas meant for all,
 But as the theme began to spread,
 Soon all was joy, and misery fled.

Then, brothers, on, and sisters too,
 Unceasing still urge, much remains to do.

Boldly go forth, ye noble band,
 Your voices still raise through our much lov'd
 land,

And soon the world, with glad surprise,
 Shall swell the loud shout, “the Tyrant dies!

Then, brothers, on, and sisters too,
 Unceasing go on, much remains to do.

WHEN SWILLPOT FIRST STARTED.

AIR—"Rory O'More."

When Swillpot first started the Rum selling
trade,
He doubtless, poor fool, thought his fortune was
made;
There were customers plenty who came to the
house,
Which each night was the scene of a drunken
carouse.

And, O how they laugh'd at the often told tale,
Nor thought it the worse, though they knew it
was stale,
As they came to be pleas'd, and it matter'd not
how—
For when twelve o'clock struck each was drunk
as a sow.

Then Swillpot would say to his dumpling built
wife,
"We must get these men off 'ere they get into
strife;
Their change is all gone—they have drain'd
their last cup,
So now clear the house, for it's time to shut up."

In the morning betimes, open thrown was the
bar,
And the drinks that they call'd for would cause
you to stare.
Eye-openers, Phlegm-cutters, a Smasher, a Nip,
And some would take two 'stead of change for
their sip;

Some ask'd whether brandy or gin was the best
 For a headache, a colic, or a pain in the chest;
 And they wonder'd what made them so dry, for
 they swore
 They had drank scarcely nothing the evening
 before.

Then Swillpot would say, as he wink'd at his
 wife,
 "Your stomachs I'll regulate, just like a knife;
 And if I couldn't do it, there's none in York
 could,
 For I drink it myself, so of course it is good."

Swillpot learnt to drink hard, then his wife would
 abuse,
 Says she: "Sauce for the gander is sauce for
 the goose,
 Your treatment of me, sir, I'll cause you to rue,
 And for each glass you swallow, why I will take
 two."

She stuck to her words and they quickly did
 pave,
 A straight forward road to the Rumsuckers'
 grave:
 For she died of delirium tremens, and he
 Collaps'd his strain'd *biler* one day on a spree.

And the doctor, a friend of the family's gave
 A certificate 'ere they were took to the grave,
 That they died of consumption a ling'ring dis-
 ease.

So he cheated the coroner out of his fees.

THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

The temperance flag! the temperance flag!

It is the banner of the free!

The temperance flag, the temperance flag?

An emblem of our liberty.

That flag proclaims us free from RUM,

A foe we never will obey;

That flag invites all men to come,

And join the cause without delay.

The temperance flag, the temperance flag,

It is the banner of the free,

The temperance flag, the temperance flag,

An emblem of our liberty.

That banner tells of sorrows past,

Of hope, that now prevails instead;

Of grief, when Rum did bind men fast,

Of joy, now that their foe is fled.

No more that tyrant shall have sway,

And ruin those who serve him best;

Alluring men, 'till they obey

Each fierce command, each stern behest.

It tells of comfort to the poor,

Of peace and safety to the rich;

It brings contentment to the door

Where bitter strife and anguish dwelt.

Forever be that Flag displayed,

Through all our country far and wide;

Ne'er WASHINGTONIANS, be dismayed,

But still uphold it side by side.

The temperance flag! &c. &c.

THE WATER-KING.

We'er soldiers of the Water-king :
 His laws we will obey :
 Virtue and health are his reward ;
 We want no better pay :
 Then let us sing the Water-king.
 Good soldiers one and all ;
 Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
 And down with Alcohol !

We boast no sword nor glittering spear ;
 Ours is a bloodless crown—
 A purer, brighter, fairer thing
 Than conquerors ever won.
 Then let us sing, &c.

Our strength is in the living spring :
 As long as waters run,
 Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
 Our temperance armour on.
 Then let us sing, &c.

What though the Fire-king mocks our hosts,
 As great Goliath did ;
 We've temperance Davids in our ranks,
 Who'll bring away his head.
 Then let us sing the Water-king,
 Good soldiers one and all ;
 Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
 And down with Alcohol !

THE TOTALER'S SONG.

AIR—"Some love to rome."

Some love stong rum or the ale's white foam,
 When the bung hole whistles free;
 And for right good cheer, some whistle beer
 But the limpid stream for me.
 To the forest shade or the mountain glade,
 So cheerily forth I go,
 To drink my fill at the gurgling rill,
 When the sun is shining low.

In the stream I dip my flowing lip,
 And the cooling draught pour in;
 ask no spring of brandy sling,
 Or toddy made of gin.
 For what nature gave I only crave,
 The fount that gurgles free;
 The green wood trees, a cooling breeze,
 And a limpid stream for me.

THE RUMSELLER'S LAMENT.

AIR—"Oh dear, what can the matter 'be'?"

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 What have they done with my customers?
 What shall I do with my rum?
 The Washington boys are playing the dickens!

The night of confusion around me now thickens,
Unless the rum business with some of us quick-
ens,

We'll all have to cut with our Rum.

Oh dear, &c.

I used to get rich through the toiling mechanic,
Who spent all his earnings in pleasures Satanic,
But now, I confess, I am in a great panic,
Because I can sell no more Rum.

Oh dear, &c.

My customers once to my bar-room were flock-
ing,

Some without a coat, or a shoe, or a stocking,
But now I declare it is really shocking,

I cannot dispose of my Rum.

Oh dear, &c.

I once cloth'd in satin my wife and my daughter,
But now they wear calico ! what is the matter ?
They give up my Rum for the sake of Cold Wa-
ter ;

Oh what shall I do with my Rum ?

Oh dear, &c.

I'll give up my business, I vow its no use to me,
It's been a continual source of abuse to me —
The friends of Cold Water I hope will stick
close to me,

So soon as I give up my Rum.

And its oh dear, what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

Good buy to my rum-driking customers,

I vow I will sell no more Rum.

THE TEMPERANCE CREW.

TUNE—"The Bold Buccaneer."

Luff up, boys! clew up, and furl every sail;
 Clear the cables—let all fly, and clew;
 Though rocks are a-lee, she will laugh at the
 gale,
 For our ship has a *Temperance Crew*.
 Tho' rocks are a-lee she will laugh at the
 gale,
 For our ship has a *Temperance Crew*.

We ask not "grog courage," so vaunted;
 Let it blow as it never yet blew!
 To ride amidst breakers undaunted
 Is the vaunt of a *Temperance Crew*!
 To ride amidst breakers undaunted
 Is the vaunt of a *Temperance Crew*.

Down anchors—pay out—let her swing free and
 wide;
 As our hearts, so our cables are true;
 Like a sea bird she sits!—now she breasts the
 rough tide!
 Hold on then, brave *Temperance Crew*.
 Like a sea bird she sits!—now she breasts
 the rough tide!
 Hold on then, brave *Temperance Crew*.

Come, a bright, bright look out. Hail each lull,
 or a pause
 In the gale!—we have death in our view!

But may weather the squall—for in God and
our cause

Is the trust of a *Temperance Crew*.

But may weather the squall, for in God and
our cause

Is the trust of a *Temperance Crew*.

Bear a hand—the storm lulls—and the tide sets
off last,

Ere again the wild hurricane brew.

Set her topsails, and slip—and the danger is
past,

Then huzza for a *Temperance Crew*.

Set her topsails, and slip—and the danger
is past ;

Then huzza for a *Temperance Crew*.

FAREWELL TO THE ALE-HOUSE.

AIR—“*I've been a Wild Rover.*”

I've been a wild rover these dozen long years,
And spent all my money in ale, wines and beers ;
I have left my lov'd wife and poor children at
home,

But now I'm determin'd no more I'll drink rum.

Chorus.

Wild rover, wild rover, wild rover no more,
I never will play the wild rover any more.

I went to the ale house where I us'd to resort,
And I told the old landlady my money it prov'd
short ;

ask'd her to trust me, but her answer was
 nay—
 For plenty such customers we can have ev'ry
 day.

Then my hand in my pocket I put it straight
 way,

Pull'd it out full of silver to see what she'd say—
 John, there is ale, wine, brandy, of good liquors
 the best;

You are heartily welcome, I was but in jest.

And now I will go home to my own loving wife,
 And there I will enjoy all the comforts of life,
 For good money I've got now, and will keep it
 in store,

And never will play the wild rover no more.

DASH TO THE FLOOR THAT BOWL.

Hallelujah Metre.

Dash to the floor that bowl!
 Dare not its sweets to sip,
 There's peril to the soul,
 If once it touch the lip.
 Why will ye drown
 The God within?
 Avoid the sin!
 Oh! dash it down.

Once to the exiled John
 A poisoned cup was brought,

The bearer had withdrawn ;—
The saint, by angels taught,
Saw o'er its brim,
An asp's head rise,
Whose burning eyes
Where fixed on him.

So Truth, by whose bright blaze
Is many a secret sin
Revealed, in these our days
Hath taught us, that, within
That narrow span,
The wine-cup's grasp,
There lives an asp,
There dies a man.

Then let no fire be brought,
In goblet, glass, or bowl,
Within "the dome of thought,
The palace of the soul,"
Lest, in that fire
Of burning drink,
That palace sink,
That soul expire.

Should God, in wrath, ordain
A universal death,
What need he do, but rain
On all this green glad earth,
From cloudy urns,
The curse that fills
Our vats and stills,
That blights and burns ?

Save us from such a shower,
 God of the eastern bow !
 That pledge of love and power,
 What bends, what paints it so ?
 That bow in air,
 'Tis light that bends,
 Heaven's light that blends
 With water there.

Let light on water shine,—
 The light of love and truth !
 Then shall that drink divine
 Be quaffed by Age and Youth ;
 And as that bow
 Doth heavenward bend,
 Shall heavenward tend
 The way they go.

STRONG DRINK.

AIR—“ *Begone dull care.*”

Begone, strong drink, I pray thee begone from
 me ;

Begone, strong drink, with thee will I never
 agree ;

Long time thou hast been tampering here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill,
 But I'm resolv'd, I'm resolv'd,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Excess in drink is death at once, they say,
 And moderate drinking wears the life away,

A pledge we'll sign, a song we'll sing,
 And cheerfully pass the day;
 For we hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive strong drink away.

Begone, strong drink, I pray thee begone from
 me;

Begone, strong drink, for ever I will be free,
 Altho' there's witchery in thy smile,
 Thy smiles I will forego;
 Thy palsied hand and faltering step
 Foretells my future wo.

Begone, strong drink, I bid the farewell, fare-
 well;

Begone, strong drink, thou would'st lead me to
 hell;

And though the rose is on thy cheek,
 The blotch will surely come;
 Thy train's a ghastly, haggard band,
 Close followed by the tomb.

Begone, strong drink, I pray thee begone from
 me;

Wine, porter, ale, and beer, with you I'll never
 agree;

The pledge I'll sign, tho' some oppose
 And say they will be free;
 And so say I: and now I'll sing
 Farewell, strong drink, to thee.

THE MAJOR'S ONLY SON

Come all good people far and near,
A lamentation you shall hear,
It's of a young man and his true love
Whom he adored and praised above.

It was all earthly riches here below,
It was that, truly you must know ;
Alas ! it's of a young scholar bright,
In learning he took great delight.

He was a Major's only son,
It was for her he was undone ;
He was but eighteen years of age,
When first in love he did engage.

His father oft times to him did say,
My dearest son do me obey,
You know that she is of a low degree
And came of a poor family.

Why then after her will you go ?
Which sure will prove your overthrow,
He made his father this reply,
What does all riches signify ?

Dives was very rich you know,
And fed sumptuously also.
When Dives died, king sir, we read,
He went to misery indeed.

When Lazarus died, we read also,
 In Abraham's bosom he did go.
 I would rather my true love have,
 And always live within a cave,

Than to have riches here below,
 And enjoy my true love also :
 His mother said, "my son be still,
 It is in vain you set forth your will."

We will adorn you with ornaments of gold,
 Riches and honour for you to hold,
 If after her you will not go, [throw
 Which will prove the means of your over

Now he was twenty years of age,
 And for a minister he did engage ;
 He had a call, already to preach,
 The very gospel for to teach.

But his parents would never be still,
 But daily were setting forth their will.
 He went one night his love to see,
 In hopes to enjoy her company.

Her father unto this young man did say,
 "Kind sir for ever do stay away ;
 My daughter is as good as you,
 For ever bid my house adieu."

So he turned this young man out of doors,
 And charged him to come there no more.
 Altho' this couple they did part,
 It proved the means to break their heart.

Unto her chamber she then did betake,
 A solitary moan to make,
 She used to moan and oft times cry,
 Sung Lord prepare me for to die.

I cannot live but I must die,
 And haste away to eternity ;
 For many a doctor they did send,
 And much pains for her they did spend.

But all prescriptions were in vain,
 But still in love she did remain,
 Unto her brother she said one day,
 I long once more my love to see.

Her brother to this young man did go,
 And let him all her sorrows know,
 He straight way unto her did come,
 With heavy heart to know her doom.

Saying madam what makes you look so pale ?
 Madam what makes your colour fail ?
 Your cheeks was once a rosy red,
 Methinks they look as pale as lead.

Your eyes they were as black as slows,
 Down to the grave methinks they'll go.
 Out in these words she then did break,
 Saying, kind sir, it is for your sake.

Saying, God forgive our parents dear,
 They have been cruel and severe :
 I can forgive them both said she
 For I am going to eternity.

Tears from his eyes like fountains run,
Crying alas ! I am undone.

No peace nor comfort can I have,
So I go mourning to my grave.

Farewell my brother and sister dear,
See that you both live in God's fear,
See that your secrets each other take,
Mind what your dying sister spake.

Farewell my true and loving mate,
No longer for you can I wait ;
I trust in heaven you both shall reign,
I trust in heaven we'll meet again.

If you go on the works of ministry,
See what a faithful man you'll be.
She gave a cry and did bitter weep,
And dropt into a silent sleep.

She bid the world and all adieu,
And every creature that she knew,
Next day to her burying he did go,
Drest in mourning from top to toe.

And afterwards distracted run,
And so for ever was undone.
Come all old people far and near,
When all these melancholy lines you hear.

Never matches try to break,
And always keep them for God's sake.
He has been a mourner this twentieth year,
And never can enjoy his only dear.

GALLANT FEMALE SAILOR.

Good people give attention and listen to my
song,

I will unfold a circumstance that does to love
belong,

Concerning of a pretty maid who ventur'd we
are told

Across the briny ocean as a Female Sailor bold.

Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, as you
presently shall hear,

And as we are informed was born in Gloucester
shire,

Her father lived in Ireland, respected we are
told,

And never thought his daughter was a Female
Sailor bold.

She was courted by a captain when scarce fif-
teen years of age,

And to be bound in wedlock this couple did
engage.

But the captain had to leave the land, as I will
now unfold,

And she ventured o'er the ocean like a Female
Sailor bold.

She dressed herself in sailor's clothes and over-
come with joy,

She with a captain did engage to serve as cabin
boy,

And when New-York in America this fair maid
did behold,

She ran to seek her lover did the Female Sail-
or bold,

Then to her true-loves father she hasten'd with
speed,
And enquired for employment,—but dreadful
news indeed,
Her lover had some time been dead, this pretty
maid was told,
Thou in agony and sorrow wept the Female
Sailor bold.

Some thousand miles she was from home, from
parents far away,
She travelled seventy miles through woods in
North America,
Bereft of friends and kindred, no parents could
behold,
My true love's gone, in anguish—cries the Fe-
male Sailor bold.

Then she went on board the Adelaide to cross
the briny wave,
Through wind and hail in storms and gale, she
did danger brave,
She served as cook and steward in the Adelaide
we are told,
Then sailed on board the Rover, did the Female
Sailor bold.

From St. Andrews in America, this fair maid
did set sail,
In a vessel called the Sarah, through tempest,
storm and gale,
She done her duty like a man, did reef and steer
we are told,
By the captain was respected well the Female
Sailor bold.

With pitch and tar her hands were hard, though
 once like velvet soft,
 She weighed the anchor, heaved the lead, and
 boldly went aloft,
 Just one and thirty months she braved the tem-
 pest we are told,
 And always done her duty, did the Female
 Sailor bold.

In the month of February, 1835,
 She to the port of London in the Sarah did
 arrive,
 Her sex was then discovered and the secret did
 unfold,
 And the captain gazed with wonder on the Fe-
 male sailor bold.

This female was examined, of course by the
 Lord Mayor,
 And in the public papers all reasons did appear
 Why she did leave her father, and her native
 land she told,
 To cross the briny ocean like a Female Sailor
 bold

It was to seek her lover that she sailed across
 the main,
 Through love she did encounter storm, tempest
 wind, and rain,
 It was love caused all her trouble and hardships
 we are told,
 May she rest at home contented now the Fe-
 male Sailor bold.

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL GREEN.

'Tis of a blind beggar and he lost his sight,
And he had a daughter most beautiful and
bright.

Shall I seek my fortune dear father said she,
The favour was granted to pretty Betsey.

She went out from London the very next day,
And halted in Romford the very same day,
And when that she came unto my lord's house,
So handsome and admired was pretty Betsey

She had not been there no length of time,
Before a young lord he a courting came,
Your ship shall with jewels said he,
If you can but love me my pretty Betsey.

That for to do it I am willing said she,
But first ask the father of pretty Betsey,
Then who is your father come tell unto me,
That I may go with you your father to see.

My father he is every day to be seen,
He is called the blind beggar of Bethnal Green,
He's called the beggar God knows it said she,
But he's been a good father to his daughter
Betsey.

If you're a beggar's daughter you won't do for
me,
For I never do intend to let any one see,

That a blind beggar's daughter my lady should
 be,
 And so scornfully turn'd from his pretty Betsey.

Up speaks the young squire with riches enough,
 If she be a beggar's daughter she's never the
 worse,
 Your ship shall be lined with jewels said he,
 If you will but love me my pretty Betsey.

My daughter is not clothed so fine as she shall,
 But I will drop guineas with you for my girl,
 They dropped their guineas down to the ground,
 They dropped till they dropped ten thousand
 pound.

Dear honoured father I have dropped all my
 store,
 I have dropped all my riches I can't drop no
 more,
 But grant me your daughter and that's all I
 crave,
 That I may be married to pretty Betsey.

Take her and make her a lady so bright,
 The lords will owe you great spite.
 And when you are married I will lay you down,
 Five hundred guines to buy her a gown.

Now Billy and Betsey to church they did go,
 Now Billy and Betsey they cut a fine show,
 The beautiful creature that ever was seen,
 Was the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal
 Green.

ELLEN THE FAIR.

Fair Ellen one morn from her cottage had
strayed,

To the next market town tripped the beautiful
maid:

She looked like a Goddess, so charming and fair,
Come buy my sweet posies cried Ellen the Fair.

I've cowslips and jessamines, and hair bells so
blue,

Wild roses and eglantines, glist'ning with dew:
And the lilly, the queen of the valley, so rare,
Come buy my sweet posies cried Ellen the Fair.

Enraptured I gazed on this beautiful maid,
For a thousand sweet smiles on her counte-
nance played,

And while I stood gazing, my heart I declare,
A captive was taken by Ellen the Fair.

Oh! could I but gain this nymph for my wife,
How gladly would I change my condition in
life;

I'd foesake the gay folks of the town and repair
To dwell in a cottage with Ellen the Fair.

But what need I care for the lordly or great,
My parents are dead, I've a noble estate;
And no lady on earth, nor a princess shall share,
My hand and my fortune with Ellen the Fair.

In a little time after this nobleman's son,
Did marry the maid his affections had won,
When presented at Court how the monarch did
stare,

And the ladies all envied sweet Ellen the Fair.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
That rises o'er the source of the Dee,
And from its eastern summit shed,
Her silver light on tower and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to rest,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
When soft and slow a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye.

Oh ! Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far in depth, I sleep from thee ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save
But all our striving was in vain ;
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love to thee ;
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh ! Mary, dear, thyself prepare,
To go with me unto that shore,
Where love is free from grief and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crew the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.



LAVENDER GIRL.

As the sun elimbs over the hill,
When the sky larks sings so cherrily,
 I my little basket fill,
And trudge along the village merrily.
Light my bosom, light my heart,
 I but laugh at Cupids dart,
I keep my mother, myself and brother,
By trudging along to sell my lavender.
 Ladies try it, come and buy it,
 Never saw ye nieer lavender ;
 Ladies try it,
Try it, try it, eome, come, buy my lavender.

Ere the gentry quit their beds,
Foes to health I'm wisely keeping it,
 Oft I earn my daily bread
And sit beneath the hedge partaking it.
Ne'er repining ne'er distress'd,
 Tell me then if I'm not bless'd,
Tho' not wealthy, I'm young and healthy,
And only care to sell my lavender.
 Ladies try it, eome and buy it,
 Never saw ye nicer lavender ;
 Ladies try it,
Try it, try it, come, come, buy my lavender.

THE ROSE OF ARDEE.

When first to this country a stranger I came,
I placed my affections on a handsome young
dame,

She is neat, tall, and slender, her waist is genteel,
She is the flower of this country, and the Rose
of Ardee.

I courted my darling at the age of sixteen,
She is the flower of this country, and the Rose
of Ardee.

Until a young weaver chanced her for to see,
Stole the flower of this country, and the Rose
of Ardee.

I'll away to the army for months two or three,
Perhaps that some fair maid I might chance to
see,

Perhaps some fair maid to me might prove kind,
And banish young Nancy quite out of my mind.

When I gets my week's pay to the tavern I will
go,

I'll call for strong liquors to relieve my heart's
wo,

I'll call for strong liquors, and then I will say,
There's a curse to young Nancy, you have led
me astray.

I will give my curse to any young man,
That will fix his affections too much upon one,
They will set and drink 'till your money is all
gone,

Then with another young man away they will
run.

WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Near Clyde's gay stream there liv'd a maid,
 Whose mind was chaste and pure;
 Content she liv'd an humble life,
 Belov'd by all who knew her.
 Protected 'neath her parent's roof,
 Her time past on quite merry;
 She lov'd, and was belov'd again,
 By William of the Ferry.

From morning's dawn till set of sun,
 Would William labour hard;
 And then at evening's glad return
 He gain'd a sweet reward.
 With heart so light, unto her eot
 He tripp'd so light and merry;
 All daily toils were soon forgot
 By William of the Ferry.

With joy their parents gave consent,
 And fix'd their bridal day;
 Ere it arriv'd the press-gang came,
 And fore'd poor Will away.
 He found resistance was in vain,
 They dragg'd him from his wherry,
 "I ne'er shall see my love again,"
 Cried William of the Ferry.

Loud blew the raging winds around,
 When scarce a league from shore,
 The boat upset, the ruffian crew
 Soon sunk, to rise no more.
 While William, fearless, brav'd the waves,
 And safely reach'd his wherry;
 Peace was preclaim'd, and Jane's now ~~his~~,
 With William of the Ferry.

Union Temperance and Sentimental Songster.

I N D E X .

Some Love Strong Beer,
Jonathan's Declaration of, etc.
The Bowl;
Then Brothers On,
When Swillpot first started,
The Temperance Flag,
The Water King,
The Totalers Song,
The Rum Sellers Lament,
The Temperance Crew,
Farewell to the Ale House,
Dash to the floor that Bowl,
Strong Drink,
The Major's only Son,
Gallant Female Sailor,
The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green
Ellen the Fair,
Mary's Dream,
Lavender Girl,
The Rose of Ardee,
William of the Ferry.

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